RED CROSS STORIES for CHILDREN

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BY GEORGENE FAULKNER

RED CROSS STORIES FOR CHILDREN

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RED CROSS STORIES FOR CHILDREN

By GEORGENE FAULKNER
"The Story Lady"

Introduction by
H.N. MACCRACKEN *National Director*
Red Cross Junior Membership

Illustrations by
DOROTHY DULIN

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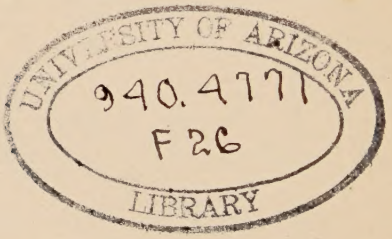

TO
THE BOYS
AND GIRLS
OF
AMERICA

36479

FOREWORD

THESE Red Cross stories of self-sacrifice and devoted skill have been composed by "The Story Lady" for the children of the Red Cross Junior Membership. As the National Director of this department of the American Red Cross, I am glad to say a word of approval of them and to commend them to all schools throughout the land, not as authentic history, but as a means of teaching children the Red Cross ideals of service. This little volume is the property of the American Red Cross, and profits accruing from its sale will be devoted to Red Cross uses.

The book would probably never have seen the light had it not been for the splendid work accomplished in the Red Cross Junior Membership of the Chicago Chapter by Miss Justine R. Cook, through whose encouragement, these stories have already been told to thousands of delighted children.

The characters that Miss Faulkner has chosen, Boys and Girls of America, are people to love and to be like. Will you try some day to bring to the Red Cross the same service that they have rendered?

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.
National Director Junior Membership
American Red Cross.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
November, 1917.

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN OF SOLFERINO

HENRI DUNANT

A STORY OF THE BEGINNING OF THE RED CROSS

(1)

It was during the terrible suffering of the soldiers in the Crimean War that the world awoke to the realization that something must be done for the wounded on the battlefield.

(2) We hear stories of the brave nurse, Florence Nightingale, who gave up her own home life in England and went into the hospital work at Scutari, where, with a group of nurses, she cared for the wounded soldiers by day and by night. As she carried her little night-lamp in her hand and ministered to her suffering soldier-boys, they called her the "Lady of the Lamp" and the "Angel of Mercy." Although Florence Nightingale did much to help the soldiers and saved many lives, she was not the one who started the Red Cross work.

but she was a great

Who, then, first thought of this plan of universal service? It was a man, not a woman. He was not an army officer, nor was he a doctor, but he loved his fellowmen and had the sympathy of a good physician toward all suffering humanity. This man was M. Henri Dunant, a gentleman of means who lived in Switzerland.

During the summer of 1859, he was touring in Italy and was at Solferino when that dreadful battle was fought on that warm mid-summer day, June 24. There the Austrian army was defeated by the combined forces of France and Sardinia. At the end of the horrible struggle, more than three thousand five hundred men lay dead or disabled upon the bloody battlefield. For hours and even days they lay without care, where they had fallen.

Henri Dunant went out himself into the battlefield and helped the soldiers. Furthermore he organized the poor peasant women who lived nearby into a band of volunteer nurses. They were so frightened by all the terrible sights that they witnessed that they could do very little at first, but under the leadership of this brave man, they did their best to furnish relief and they were able to do something to help the distress of the wounded.

As soon as Dunant could do so, he had some of

the soldiers removed to the neighboring town of Castiglione. Here the churches and other public buildings were converted into emergency hospitals and Dunant, at his own expense, bought the necessary supplies. He not only procured the bandages, linen and sponges which were needed, but he also bought special treats for his boys, such as tobacco, oranges and citron. He would go about amongst them, ministering to their needs, writing letters for them, cheering them, and encouraging them. Indeed, it was no wonder that they all loved him dearly. He wore spotless white clothes and was so immaculate in his appearance, that they nicknamed him *"Le monsieur en blanc,"* or "The Gentleman in White."

Another name which they gave him and which he well deserved was "The Good Samaritan of Solferino." For, like the "Good Samaritan" in the Bible story, he stopped by the wayside to help his suffering brother. It was no more his business to do this than that of any one else, but he made it his duty and his pleasure to care for these stricken soldiers. *"Tutti fratelli,"*—"they are all brothers,"—he would say with a smile and he treated them all with brotherly love and made no distinction between friend or foe.

He never forgot the horrible scenes of that bat-

tlefield and he felt that the whole world should be interested in some plan to lessen the horrors and suffering caused by war. So, after he returned to Switzerland, he wrote a book in French called "Souvenir de Solferino."

In this book he told, most graphically, his own experiences on the battlefield. He spoke with deep feeling of the need for the protection and care for the wounded and for those who were trying to attend them during the time of battle. He felt that they should be removed at once from the field and that a permanent ambulance corps of trained and efficient people should be a part of every army, and that emergency hospital tents should be near at hand, so that the soldiers would have aid at once. To do this with safety these trained workers and their wounded soldiers must have protection from attack and should not be fired upon by either side. They should minister to the needs of all, whether friend or foe; in other words, they should be absolutely neutral. In order to carry out this plan and secure this safety he urged that a new flag or emblem should be displayed by the ambulance corps and field workers. He suggested that in every country, societies should be formed in time of peace for the purpose of training nurses and collecting supplies, and that

He Would Go Amongst Them Ministering to Their Needs,
Writing Letters for Them, Cheering Them,
and Encouraging Them

people should be prepared so that, when war broke out, the regular military corps should be supplemented and that there should be no delay in ministering to the wounded.

His book was so practical in every way and was so full of vivid scenes of the suffering soldiers at Solferino that it made an immediate appeal and was soon translated into many different languages. The universality of the appeal, not in the name of any particular nation but for the good of suffering humanity, brought it home at once to the hearts of all people and awakened in them a desire to help this work. Henri Dunant not only wrote the vivid story of Solferino, but he also went to the different courts of Europe and personally told his experiences on the battlefield and then advanced this plan for a world-society of protection and service.

In his own country of Switzerland he, at once, enlisted the sympathy of the Society of Public Utility of Geneva and the President, M. Gustave Moynier, took up the crusade. A commission was appointed and the first international conference was held in Geneva in October, 1863.

At this meeting, which lasted for four days, the subject was well discussed. Resolutions were adopted which contain the fundamental principles

upon which the Red Cross work was founded. The next year, at the famous Geneva Convention, which was held August 22, 1864, the Society was founded.

As the flag of Switzerland is a white cross on a red field, out of compliment to this country, where the organization originated, they decided to reverse the Swiss flag for the sign of this new order, and a red cross on a white field was chosen as the emblem of this humanitarian society.

The Red Cross has always denoted self-sacrifice and service. It was the emblem of the cross of Christ and was used by the Crusaders as they waged their religious wars for the possession of the Holy Land. In this early time, two great orders were formed, "The Order of the Knights Templar" and "The Knights Hospitaler, or Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem," who vowed to live, fight, and die as soldiers of the cross, remaining poor and unmarried, like the monks. And they chose for their symbol the red cross on a white background. Later, many of these knights of St. John helped to protect and care for the poor people in the Island of Malta. Consequently, they became known as the "Knights of Malta," and the cross has sometimes been called the "Maltese Cross."

All through the pages of early history we read of the deeds of mercy which were done by the priests and nuns upon the battlefield. They not only brought religious consolation to the sick and dying but also ministered to their physical needs. Prominent among these was Camillus de Lillis who, when a young man, had been a soldier and knew the horrors of the battlefield. Later, at the age of thirty-two, he studied for the Priesthood and devoted his life to those who were sick. He organized an order of Regular Clerics, whose work was to relieve those who were ill in the hospital and upon the battlefield. Pope Sixtus V granted his permission to use a red cross as a distinguishing emblem of this relief society. For these deeds of mercy de Lillis was made a Saint, and in 1886 Pope Leo XIII announced that St. Camillus de Lillis should be patron Saint of all hospitals and nurses.

The Red Cross on a white background was the symbol of the brave Saint George, and it was also the emblem of Sir Galahad, "the pure in heart." So it has a deep meaning today, for wherever we see it, we know that it is the badge of bravery, the symbol of service, on a background of purity. Wherever it is seen, it should secure protection from all hostility. Indeed, it is a great

disgrace to any nation and very dishonoring for any army to break this neutrality treaty by firing upon those under the shelter of the Red Cross.

The slogan adopted by the Convention was this, "In time of peace, the committee will occupy itself with means to render genuine assistance in times of war." And this has become one of the principles of the Red Cross Societies. Although the General Convention was international, the relief societies, themselves, are entirely national and independent. These relief societies gather and store gifts of money and supplies, arrange for hospitals, ambulances or other means of transportation and all the preliminary relief work.

When Clara Barton, who was the "Angel of the Battlefield" during the Civil War, failed in health, she went to Switzerland to rest and, as soon as she heard of this work, she was most anxious for the United States to become a part of this organization. As she reflected upon the results of the founder, Henri Dunant, she said: "This is considered a most remarkable instance of a general treaty brought about by the exertion of an individual in private life." Miss Barton worked under the Red Cross during the Franco-Prussian war, helping to relieve the starving people of Strasburg.

Dr. Henry W. Bellows, who was a leading force behind the Sanitary Commission of the Civil War, tried for ten years to have the United States join the Treaty; but, for many reasons, those in office held back from the plan. At last, when James A. Garfield became President of the United States, Miss Barton again went to Washington and presented a request from Gustave Moynier, President of the International Committee, urging the United States to found an American Society of the Red Cross.

Miss Barton says, "The request that the treaty be signed was cordially received by the President and, by him, referred to Secretary Blaine who considered it himself, conferred fully with me and finally laid it before the President and the cabinet."

So, we are indebted to the wisdom of that great statesman, James G. Blaine, in pushing forward this work. The American Committee made an amendment to the original plan and, at Miss Barton's suggestion, included relief work for all national disasters; such as, fires, floods, famine, cyclone, earthquakes and other calamities, which cause suffering for the people. After its adoption in 1882, the work of the Red Cross grew rapidly in the United States until, in 1905, a new associa-

tion was incorporated under the name of "The American National Red Cross."

Wherever there has been suffering, the Red Cross has carried its help and cheer to the stricken people, and we hear reports from all over the world in regard to the marvellous work which it has done. Just now, the Red Cross organization needs a great deal of money to help during this terrible world war.

What can you do to help? Do you belong to the Red Cross? Every child should save one dollar now and join the organization. Then he can wear his badge of universal service and he can do something in this way to relieve the suffering of his brothers.

The work, started by the "Good Samaritan," Henri Dunant, will not cease its ministry of mercy as long as warfare continues among civilized nations.

Would you not like to be a "A Good Samaritan?"

(2)

THE LADY OF THE LAMP

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

"My Doll is ill, and she must stay in bed and I must nurse her," said small Florence to her sister Frances.

"Your dolls are always ill," grumbled Frances, "You always want to play at nursing."

"Yes," said Florence, "I do, for I love to take care of sick people and some day I mean to be a nurse."

The two little sisters lived in a beautiful home called Lea Hurst, in the county of Derbyshire, England. Their parents traveled abroad a great deal, and, as Florence was born in the Italian "City of Flowers," she was named for her birthplace.

The gardens at Lea Hurst were very beautiful and the two little sisters spent much of their time out of doors. Florence was especially devoted to her flowers and, with her little basket of garden tools, she was often seen working among her plants, weeding, watering, and propping them up against sticks and caring for them.

One day, when Florence was out riding on her pony, with the vicar of their village church, she saw an old, crippled shepherd named Roger, vainly trying to herd his scattered sheep.

"Where is your dog, Roger?" asked the Vicar.

"My poor dog can never run again," answered the shepherd sadly, "some boys threw stones at him and broke his leg. I must put him out of misery."

"Oh, cannot we do something for him, Roger?" asked Florence eagerly.

"It is cruel to leave a poor dog to suffer with a broken leg, all alone, in agony. Where is he?"

"It is no good, Miss. You can do nothing. I will take a cord to him tonight and end his life, for it is the only way to help him. I left him over in that shed, yonder."

"But we must do something for him," said the girl. "Oh, please come with me." So, at her earnest pleading, the Vicar rode with her towards the shed but she urged her pony to a gallop and reached the shed first.

"Yere—yere-re-re-yere-re-re," yelped the poor dog, as much as to say, "Come here-re-rr." Soon the girl was kneeling down beside the dog, patting his head.

"What can I do for him?" she asked the Vicar,

as the good man examined the bruised and bleeding body of the dog.

"Roger is mistaken, the leg is not broken and we can help him," said the Vicar. "But, first, we must have some hot water and bathe his wounds and make a hot compress for his leg."

Florence went to the house, but the shepherd's wife was not at home. So her son helped Florence build a fire and heat some water. Then they went out to the shed and all day Florence worked over the dog, putting on the hot cloths and nursing him, and when the shepherd returned that night his dog greeted him with a bark of welcome.

"You have done wonders, Missy," said the old man, "I can not thank you enough."

"Oh, I am so glad, Roger, but I will come every day until he is well."

So every day the faithful little nurse took charge of her first patient, until at last the dog was able to run over the hills after the straying sheep.

Florence could not bear to see anything suffer, and, as her father watched her caring for her pets, he said, "Florence is a born nurse. I saw her one day caring for a little bird that had a broken wing. She was building it a nest, and soon, I am sure, she will be feeding it." So her

Every Day She Came to Nurse Him

father gave her a corner of the greenhouse and here she opened her first hospital for all of her wounded pets.

As she grew older, she went about among the village people and cared for any who were weak or ill. Everyone loved her and some of the old people watched for her daily and said, "Miss Florence is like God's blessed sunshine, she makes you feel well again just to look upon her."

Although her parents encouraged her work in the village, they were very much shocked when she told them that she wished to study and become a trained nurse. In those days, women were expected to stay in the home, and, as the family had money, they could not understand the longing of this daughter who desired to go out in the world and work rather than spend all her time in the home and in society.

But Florence became more and more restless as the years went on. She did not care for social life, but every time she spoke of her desire her parents would suggest something else or would take her on a long trip abroad, or plan something for her to do.

On one of these trips she met Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Herbert who listened to her and encouraged her desire to be a nurse. At last, when she was

thirty years old, she left her home in England and went abroad to study, where she could get the best and most thorough training.

So she went to Kaiserwerth and became a Deaconess. She worked and studied, night and day, to make herself a nurse. Later she went to Paris and studied the system there. In fact, she was so conscientious in her work that she became a most capable nurse. Then she returned to England and taught other nurses in the hospitals at home.

While she was busy in London, a war broke out in Crimea between Russia and England. At first the people talked only of the brave heroes and of the glories of the war, then reports came from the soldiers who were wounded and dying upon the battlefield. The country had been at peace for such a long time that they were unprepared to meet the demands of their suffering soldiers.

Sir William Howard Russell wrote a stirring report in the *London Times* and after he described some of the horrible scenes, he said: "Are there no devoted women amongst us, able and willing to go forth and minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospitals of Scutari? Are none of the daughters of Eng-

land, at this extreme hour of need, ready for such work of mercy?"

This, to Florence Nightingale, was a trumpet-call to duty. She was so anxious to go that she wrote at once to her old friend, Sir Sidney Herbert, Secretary of War, and offered her services. Her letter crossed one in which he had written and asked her to go to Crimea.

So she set out in charge of thirty-seven other nurses, who had volunteered and soon they were all working in the hospital of Scutari. This hospital was but a huge barrack and the equipment was most crude, but Florence Nightingale and her nurses did everything in their power to make things better for their soldier-boys.

She worked night and day and would stand for twenty-four hours at a time to see that her soldiers were cared for. Often she took her place in the operating room by the side of a soldier and, by her presence and her sympathy, she would ease his suffering, also by her skillful nursing and watchful care she saved many men whose wounds had been considered hopeless.

At night, she would go slowly between the beds, carrying a small lamp, which she carefully shaded with her hand so that she would not awaken any sleeping soldiers as she ministered to the wants

of her wakeful wounded. She wanted to be sure that no one was suffering, and, with a sympathetic smile, she went about among them, caring for their needs. They called her "The Lady of the Lamp" and sometimes the soldiers were seen to kiss her shadow as it fell upon them, they were so grateful for her devotion to them. They took the letters of her name and made them into this sentence, "Flit on, cheering Angel," and they often spoke of her as the "Angel of Mercy," bringing strength and cheer to them in their time of need.

Queen Victoria, appreciating the work of this faithful nurse at the front, wrote letters of encouragement to her and honored her with a medal on which there was a cross in red enamel on a white field, with the letters V. R. surmounted on a crown of diamonds. A band of black enamel encircled this with gold letters, "Blessed are the merciful." Palm leaves in green enamel formed a frame-work while on a blue enamel ribbon were the letters in gold, "Crimea." On the back of this was an inscription from Queen Victoria.

When the war was over, the English sent a man-of-war to bring home their beloved nurse. The whole nation prepared to give her a royal welcome but she was so very modest that she avoided all this pomp and ceremony and, travel-

ling under an assumed name, she came home on a French boat and went at once to her home in the country.

The people of England then gave her a gift of $250,000 in which every one shared, each soldier giving one day's pay. She thanked them for this generous gift which she used to establish a training school for nurses. This is called the "Florence Nightingale Home," and for many years she helped manage this home.

She became very much interested in the development of the Red Cross work, which had been begun by M. Henri Dunant.

Florence Nightingale was not able to do the active work in the hospitals and training schools that she desired, for her health was very much broken by the hardships she had endured during the war; so she was forced to stay in her country home, but here she wrote many papers and treatises upon her chosen work, which were of great help to nurses. She kept up her interest in the work of the nurses and the work of the Red Cross Society until her death, for her mind was keen and her heart was always in her work. She was ninety years old when she died, and the grateful nation wished to place her body in Westminster Abbey but she had left directions that she should

be buried in her own country churchyard and her wish was fulfilled.

She has been honored as no other woman, for Edward VII gave her the "Order of Merit" for her noble deeds of service to the nation, and she was the only woman who had ever received this honor.

One time, at a dinner given to military and naval officers, it was suggested that each guest should write on a slip of paper the name of the person who had done the most for the Nation during the Crimean war, and on every slip was the name, "Florence Nightingale."

So this little girl, who cared for the flowers and birds and had nursed a shepherd's dog, became the woman who was honored not only by her own nation but also by the nations of the world, for everyone loves and reveres the name of Florence Nightingale.

Our own poet, Henry W. Longfellow, wrote a tribute to her in his poem called "Santa Filomena," in which he likens her to this saint of old:

"Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

THE ANGEL OF THE BATTLEFIELD

CLARA BARTON

"CLARA is never afraid," said her brother David proudly. "She can ride any colt on the farm. Oh, Clara is absolutely fearless!"

This was true, for at an early age David would throw little Clara on the bare back of a colt and shouting, "Cling fast to the mane," together they would gallop across the fields.

She enjoyed these wild rides with David and years after, when she had to mount and ride strange horses on the battlefield, she was thankful that she had learned to ride at an early age.

David was right, for Clara was always "absolutely fearless." She never thought of herself or of any harm coming to her and she was always happy when she could serve others, even though that service called her into the dangers of the battlefield.

Clara was the youngest child of a large family and her brothers and sisters all helped in her education. Her elder brother, who was very fond of mathematics, delighted in teaching his bright lit-

tle sister the mysteries of numbers. She was such an apt pupil that she carried her slate about with her and begged for more sums. Her two older sisters, who were school teachers, taught her to read the best books and she was a constant reader all of her life.

They were a very happy family. Their parents were well to do but they lived a very simple life in the town of North Oxford, Massachusetts. The father and grandfather had both been soldiers, the latter having served in the Revolutionary War and fought under General Anthony Wayne, or "Mad Anthony," as he had been called, because of his bravery in action. So the Barton children, as they sat about the fireplace during the long wintry evenings, heard many a thrilling tale of the battlefield; and little Clara, who was the baby of the family, was much impressed with these stories of army life.

When Clara was only eleven years old, her brother David had a fall from a building and was seriously injured, so that for two years he was a helpless invalid. Clara, at once, took her place at her brother's bedside and became his willing little nurse. No task was too difficult for her to do, and she spent most of her time waiting upon and entertaining him.

"Clara is a born nurse," said her sisters. This was true, for, although the sisters were much older than Clara, she was the one that David relied upon for service.

Always self sacrificing, she considered it no hardship to wait upon others; in fact, it was a joy to her to be of service.

When David was well once more, Clara went to an academy at Clinton, New York, where she graduated. She was a good student, for the drill she had received in the home from her older brothers and sisters helped her in her work.

One time, when she was visiting in Bordentown, New Jersey, she noticed that the children ran the streets from morning until night. "Is there no school?" she inquired.

"No," said her friends, "the children are so lawless that no school master can hold them."

Clara Barton, at once, offered to open the school and said that she would serve for three months without any pay. The school authorities laughed at her, "How can a woman hope to hold these children when strong men have failed?"

But she persisted and at last they provided her with a building. On the first morning, came six children who enjoyed the school so much that they told others. At the end of a year, the school

was so successful that they had six hundred children and were obliged to have a larger building and to divide the classes into grades.

Miss Barton worked so hard that the strain was too much for her and so she was obliged to say good-by to her pupils.

Soon after this she went to Washington and took a position in the Pension Office there. Her drill in number work when she was a child was of great help to her now. She had a good business head and was so honest and upright in all of her dealings that she at once was placed in charge of the office. This made some of the men-clerks jealous, as they did not like to have a woman put over them, and consequently they treated her very rudely for a time. But she did her work with quiet dignity, and when the authorities found that these clerks were circulating untrue tales about her, in order to force her out of her position, the clerks lost their positions.

When the terrible war broke out between the North and the South, Miss Barton was in Washington and she felt, at once, that it was her duty to give up her position in the Pension Office and help the poor wounded soldiers. At first, she busied herself in the hospitals in Washington but she often said, "How I long to go to the front and

help on the battlefields; possibly, there I could save some of our wounded soldiers."

But when she questioned the different officers, they said, "No! the battlefield is not the place for a woman."

Her father was taken very ill at this time; so she left her work and went home to New England to see him. When she told him how much she desired to go to the front, he said, "Go, my brave daughter, if you feel it is your duty! I know what soldiers are and every true soldier will treat you with respect."

So, when she returned to Washington, she went to the Assistant Quartermaster, General Rucker, and asked him if he would let her go to the front and serve.

"You must think of the danger that such service will bring to you," he said. "You will be exposed to the fire of the enemy's guns."

"But I am the daughter of a soldier," she answered, "I am not afraid of the battlefield."

At last, she received permission and went to the front, where she was as fearless upon the battlefield as any officer in the army. Under shot and shell, she went about doing her deeds of mercy.

The soldier boys all loved her and they called her "The Angel of the Battlefield," and their

"Guardian Angel." Many a night she sat up all night long ministering to the wants of a dying soldier, writing down his last message to his mother or wife, or sweetheart, comforting him and helping him until the end came. Many a life she saved by her timely assistance, binding up wounds and helping until the boys could be removed to the hospital tent.

She ministered alike to the "Boys in Blue" and the "Boys in Gray." They suffered alike and they all needed her help; so night and day she served them, regardless of her own health and strength.

Just before the battle of Fredericksburg, a wounded young Confederate officer was brought to her and she took such good care of him that she won his heart at once. Later a request came for her to go into the city but her "Boy in Gray" took hold of her hand and begged her piteously not to go into the danger.

"It is my duty," she answered simply, "and I must go!"

"Dear lady!" he whispered, "You have been so good to me, you cannot save my life but you help me to meet death. I will tell you something which, a few hours ago, I would have died sooner than tell. Every street in the city is covered by

Many a Life She Saved by Her Timely Assistance, Until the Boys Could be Removed to the Hospital

our cannon; if you go into the town you will go to certain death."

Miss Barton thanked him and remained at his bedside until he went to his last sleep. Then she went with her troops to their post and stayed with them all through that long, terrible battle. The men dropped by thousands, but she kept with them until the order came to retreat across the river; then she helped until the last wounded soldier had been carried across.

When the war was over, President Lincoln asked Clara Barton to search for the thousands of men who were missing. Names were on the army records but no trace of many of these men could be found.

Miss Barton went right to work at this difficult task. She visited the prison at Andersonville and helped the released prisoners to regain their health and to go home. She searched the National Cemetery, where marked grave stones were at last put over the bodies of some of the soldiers, while many had to be marked "unknown."

This important work took four years of her time and then her health broke down; so she went abroad for a long rest. While she was in Switzerland, she first heard of the Red Cross Society. Clara Barton became very much interested in

the good work which was being done by the Red Cross Society and she devoted herself to this cause during the Franco-Prussian War. After the siege of Strasburg, she organized a relief fund for the starving people. She found work for them to do and helped in every way that she could.

Later, she went to Paris and helped during the French commune.

In 1873, when she returned to America, she asked Congress to join in a treaty with the European Nations and establish a Red Cross Society in this country. It took a long time to adopt this plan but, finally, in 1881, the Red Cross Society was officially established in the United States. Miss Clara Barton was chosen as the first President and she soon widened the work of the society by including all suffering humanity. "It need not apply to the battlefield alone," said this noble woman, "but we should help all those who need our help." So an amendment was passed, including all suffering from fires, floods, famine, earthquake, and other forms of disaster. This amendment was finally adopted by all nations.

So we hear of the American Red Cross Society helping during the Michigan forest fires, the Charlestown earthquake, the Johnstown flood,

and many other disasters. Today the American Red Cross devotes itself no less to civilian than to military relief.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE

DR. EDWARD THOMAS DEVINE

"Red Cross Buns! Red Cross Buns!
One-a-penny; two-a-penny,
Red Cross Buns!"

THUS sang a group of joyous children, as they skipped merrily about in Golden Gate Park at San Francisco. Why sing "Hot Cross Buns" when the Red Cross was furnishing them with their daily food? And so in a burst of gratitude they changed the words of the old nursery song.

They were a plucky group of children, and they made the best of all the hardships which they were forced to endure. It was fun living in the park, in the soldiers' tents, covered over with army blankets, and being awakened by a bugle call, and in their games they played that they were soldiers and firemen rescuing the people. The soldiers were guarding them and the Red Cross was taking care of them. And soon things would be all right again, and the same spirit of joy seemed

to be in the hearts of all the citizens, for each one bore his burden bravely.

Perhaps you may wonder why these people were living in the park with the soldiers guarding them and the Red Cross furnishing them food and clothing. Well, I will tell you about it.

Shortly after five o'clock in the morning of April 18, 1906, the city of San Francisco was shaken by an earthquake. It was as though some great giant had suddenly seized all the buildings in the city and rocked them to and fro. Strong stone walls crumbled and toppled over and as the earth shook the city all the water system was destroyed; all the lights went out, for there was no electric power, as all the wires were twisted and broken. And there was no telephone or telegraph service; so that the city was practically cut off from the world and news of the disaster was sent by way of the nearby city of Oakland.

The city of San Francisco was in a state of confusion. People jumped from their beds in a panic of fear and rushed from their homes half-clad and some wandered about in a half-dazed condition not knowing which way to turn. As the buildings fell, numerous fires started all over the city. The firemen could not control the fires

"Red Cross Buns! Red Cross Buns!
One-a-penny; two-a-penny,
Red Cross Buns."

when the water supply was cut off. The firemen and policemen worked hard with dynamite to stop the spread of the flames, but the fire raged on in spite of their efforts.

General Funston, in the absence of General Greeley, ordered out the troops at once, and soon the soldiers were aiding the firemen and policemen in the checking of the fires and in protecting and caring for the citizens. Army warehouses were opened and the poor, shivering people were wrapped in army blankets, and housed in the park under army tents. The soldiers took good care of the people and General Greeley returned immediately and carried on the good work begun by General Funston.

The mayor of San Francisco, with a staff of able citizens, at once formed a Finance and Relief Committee and the local Chapter of the Red Cross went right to work to aid the suffering people. Mrs. John Merrill, President of the Local Branch, opened her beautiful house the very next day to the fire sufferers and flung out the Red Cross banner. Then the firemen came and told her they would be obliged to dynamite her house. She moved out and, without one thought for herself or her belongings, she took the Red Cross Flag to a vacant house some blocks away

and went on with her relief work. And the Mayor and his staff were forced to move many times, as the flames pursued them. But still they all worked to protect their poor, homeless people; and small relief stations sprang up like mushrooms all over the city.

The damage done to San Francisco by the earthquake would have been slight, if it had not been for the spreading of the fire which swept through the city.

As the news of this terrible disaster flashed across the country, gifts of money, food and clothing were sent to the stricken city, and when the word came to Washington, President Roosevelt, with his characteristic promptness and good judgment, decided that Dr. Edward Thomas Devine, of New York, was the man best fitted to go out for the American Red Cross and perform the difficult task of organizing the relief work, for the President knew that Dr. Devine would be the right man in the right place.

And so Dr. Devine, upon the order of Secretary Taft (the President of the American Red Cross), was soon speeding on his way from coast to coast. In Chicago Dr. Devine persuaded Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell to go with him as his secretary, and so these two capable men went on

their errand of mercy, and reached San Francisco April 23rd—just five days after the disaster. They reported at once to General Greeley and were soon hard at work, and back in Washington Miss Mabel T. Boardman, the executive head of the Red Cross, was speeding supplies to them.

The Finance Committee immediately merged its work with the Red Cross, and Dr. Devine felt that the people were all very public-spirited, for, in place of separate relief factions, they all worked in unity for the common good.

Dr. Devine was placed at the head of all of this relief work, and the army gave its attention to guarding the property and health of the people and in carrying the supplies. The soldiers hauled all the supplies that came into the city to warehouses in their army wagons, and there the boxes were counted, opened and classified.

In order that the relief should come quickly to each person, and that none of the work should be duplicated, Dr. Devine divided the city into seven Red Cross sections and at the head of each was an officer of the regular army; an able corps of school-teachers aided Dr. Devine as he established a system of registration; the teachers calling upon

the families and personally investigating and helping to register them.

A registration-card gave the name of the head of the family, his occupation, religion, and his fraternal order, and the name of his last employer. Everybody in the district, whether in houses, shacks, or tents, was registered, and his card was filed away in a card-index. Then, when the man applied at the Food Stations, for his rations, he had a card with his name and the number in his family, and the Red Cross representative looked up in the card-index and found that this man was at the right station for his section, and the card was stamped with the date, so as to prevent his using it again that day. And then he received his rations. And the clothing was given out in the same way by a card order which had been marked O. K. by the Red Cross attendant in charge.

At first everything had been done in haste and disorder, but when Dr. Devine and his able corps of helpers arranged and carried out this systematic plan, everyone was fed and clothed in a very short time.

Dr. Devine and his staff immediately began the work of rehabilitation,—providing suitable homes

for the people, so that they would not be obliged to be tent-dwellers in the park, but small cottages and portable houses were erected for them.

The clearing away of the debris and the reconstruction of the city gave many men employment, and the Red Cross tried to aid the people in finding work to do.

All of the Red Cross helpers who have written reports of the relief work done in San Francisco speak in praise of the wonderful spirit shown by the people. Their homes and business swept away, they were cheerful and brave. The drenching rain poured down upon them and the light canvas served very little protection. Without water, light or heat, forced to wait in a long bread-line for their food, they made the best of everything and never complained. They were not allowed to build fires in the houses, so the kitchens had to be in the street, and everyone was obliged to cook out of doors. Some of the people improvised rude shacks about these kitchens. On the wall of one of these shacks, were the words: "Make the best of it; forget the rest of it." Truly that was the spirit in which all of the citizens of San Francisco met the disaster.

We could not begin to tell of all the brave men and women who helped in this time of need to

reconstruct the city, and to bring order out of chaos. But we will tell of Dr. Devine.

Edward Thomas Devine was born in the town of Union, Iowa, and his early life was spent in the Middle West. He was a very conscientious student and after he graduated from college he became a principal in different schools in Iowa. He became vitally interested in social service and later went to New York to live, and was director of the New York School of Philanthropy; and he was also Professor of Social Economy at Columbia University. He knows how to handle large groups of people—the "grown-ups" as well as the children, for he studies the people and their needs and tries, in every way, to better their conditions. He has given University Extension lectures in Oxford, as well as here in America, and as the editor of "The Survey," he has influenced many people by the power of his pen. But his work is not merely theory—it is practical work, as he proved to the world in San Francisco.

For more than three months he worked in San Francisco from early in the morning until late at night—the most exacting work that has been required of any man in the nation, and he gave his services to the Red Cross without stint and without price.

When the storm and flood came to the city of Dayton, Dr. Devine was placed in charge and helped reorganize that city. Now the Red Cross calls for him again and he obeys the summons gladly. Heretofore he has served in times of peace, but now he has been asked to go to the war-ridden countries across the sea and serve in this time of strife; for Dr. Devine has been appointed to the position of Chief of the Bureau of Refugees and Home Relief under the American Red Cross Commission to France.

The reports from France show that outside the Seine there are 850,000 refugees of all ages and classes except the able bodied men who are at the front. These refugees are in an unfortunate condition because they lost all of their possessions when they were driven from their homes in the invaded territory.

The Red Cross hopes to aid these unfortunate people by helping them to build small homes and to use portable houses, and by supplying them with furniture, just as was done with the fire victims of San Francisco.

There are many relief agencies at work, but "Dr. Devine's immediate task will be to co-ordinate those agencies and arrange for constructive relief for those victims of the war who cannot yet

be returned to their own homes. Later, it is hoped that there will be abundant opportunity for them to be re-established in the busy and fruitful regions in which they lived before the war."

Dr. Devine said himself in one of his articles in "The Survey," "We ourselves, citizens of the great Republic of the West, will have a nation's part to play in the ending of the war. In the reconstruction of shattered homes and industries, in the establishment of an honorable and just peace and the creation of a real, if not at first a nominal, world federation."

And now Dr. Devine will be the leader in this great work of building up the waste places and in the restoration of France.

We are glad that America has a man with such a sympathetic nature and with such an understanding of the needs of the people to send to Europe at this time. Truly, Dr. Edward Thomas Devine is *"The Right Man in the Right Place."*

SISTER JULIE—A SISTER OF MERCY

A HEROINE OF TODAY

In the Red Cross Magazine for September, 1917, there is a picture of a Sister of Mercy, and under the picture are the words: "Sister Julie wearing the decoration conferred on her by President Poincaré for exceptional bravery during the bombardment of Gerbeviller."

"Who is Sister Julie, and what did she do?" you may ask, and as you may not have heard her story I will tell it to you today.

Her real name is Amelia Rigard, but her religious name is Sister Julie and she was the Mother Superior of the Order of Saint Charles of Nancy at Gerbeviller. Sister Julie and the nuns in the Convent of Saint Charles had hardly realized that war had begun before death and destruction came to their very doors and their sheltered little town of Gerbeviller in the mountains of Lorraine was one of the first to suffer that August of 1914.

"What did I do, that they speak so much about me?" asked Sister Julie of the famous writer Maurice Barres, when he came to interview her.

"The Sisters of Saint Charles are trained to be hospitable and kind and are taught to care for the sick and unfortunate. I could not act otherwise."

"Very well, my Sister," answered the learned man "Let it be that you did nothing extraordinary for a Sister of Saint Charles, but you must have seen extraordinary things at that time."

"Oh, yes," she answered, "The terrible shooting and bombardment on the 24th of August, from nine in the morning until nine at night.

"In the night of the 23rd of August," she said, "they sent us some little Alpine soldiers to guard the passage. They were only about fifty in number and they were so young, merely children, but they were very brave.

"The Mayor of our town, Mr. Liegay, said to these boys: 'You can do nothing against the enemy; they are too numerous and you are going to make a target of yourselves and of the village.' But they answered: 'Our General has given us orders to hold it to the end.' And so they held it until the evening, when the German infantry arrived in the center of the town."

All the world knows the sad story of Gerbeviller and of how the infuriated Germans bombarded the town and punished the poor, innocent people. They entered each house and, at a given signal

they put an explosive tablet in each house and soon the city was in ruins. Four hundred seventy-five homes were burned and the Church was destroyed. But the enemy spared the brewery for those Bavarians must have their beer, and some of them drank until they became beasts and were found drunk, sitting upon the bodies of the poor victims whom they had slaughtered.

Then they swarmed through the ruined town, beating and chasing the townspeople, many of whom were placed against the stone walls and shot. At last they came to the houses at the end of the village where Sister Julie and her Sisters were trying to protect the people. These good Sisters of Mercy were nursing the poor wounded soldiers and they were caring for the old men and women and little children who had escaped from the barbarians in the village.

"An officer arrived at my house with his soldiers" said Sister Julie; "he had a big revolver in one hand and a dagger in the other. He went over to one of my poor wounded boys and how my poor little one trembled.

"And then I put myself between them and I said to the officer: 'Do not touch them—they are my children!' He stopped short and looked in amazement at me, and then I told him that they

"And Then I Put Myself Between Them and I Said to the Officers: 'Do Not Touch Them, They Are My Children!'"

were wounded. He went to each bed and pulled down the covers to see if this was true and to look at their wounds.

"Oh, I was bold—I am astonished—How did I dare? But I went in front of him. I did not know then what I heard later—that they were killing and torturing the women and children in the village."

This Sister of Mercy, with her outstretched arms protecting her flock as a mother-hen would protect her little chickens from danger, saved her poor wounded soldiers from the hands of the enemy. The Germans did not burn the houses of these good Sisters of Mercy, nor did they molest them further, for they found that these good women were not only nursing the soldiers of France and protecting the poor people of the town, but they were nursing the wounded German soldiers as well.

Later, when Sister Julie was questioned about this she said, very humbly:

"Why, yes, I was taking care of their wounded as well as ours. It is my duty as a Sister of Saint Charles. The 25th of August, after that first terrible fighting, we had two hundred fifty-eight Prussian wounded to nurse; there was no one else to take care of them.

" 'Where are your officers?' I asked. 'They have gone on and abandoned us,' they answered.

"And so what could we do? We could not let them die. They are our brothers, even though they are in the wrong, and we are Sisters of Mercy. They needed our care; and so we washed and bandaged their wounds and did all in our power to make them comfortable. War—war! Oh, it was all so terrible!

"They entered Gerbeviller the 24th of August, in the evening, as I told you. Well, the 28th, at five o'clock, our French soldiers returned. What a struggle—what a fight! It lasted without interruption until the 13th of September."

When the French General Castlenau told of the heroic deeds which were done by Sister Julie, the President of France went himself to the little ruined town to thank her in the name of the people of France, and to decorate her with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

She was the first woman in this war to receive this honor, but Sister Julie was so modest and unassuming that she answered simply:

"I have only tried to do my duty as a Sister of Saint Charles."

She received the President very informally and then asked him to come with her out into the

kitchen to meet Sister Marie, who was very busy cooking the meal for the poor wounded soldiers.

This incident amused some of the people who were there, but it delighted the President of France, for he saw that Sister Julie was most democratic and she felt that one human being was as good as another, and that each had his duty to perform; so why should Sister Marie be asked to leave her soup to burn even to meet the President of France?

Although, in the magazine picture we see the Cross upon Sister Julie, she does not wear it every day on her working clothes, but she keeps it put carefully away in her bureau drawer.

She is very modest and national fame has not affected her in the least, for she is just as simple in manner as she was before they gave her that cross. She is short and stout and sturdy, and is 60 years old; but, while her hair is white, her heart is young and her eyes shine with the light and love which comes from within.

A visitor who came there later asked her if she was not frightened at the terrible things which she saw, and if she did not wish to go away.

"Frightened!" she exclaimed: "I had no time to be frightened and how could I go away when the Lord's work had come to me?"

She is very strong in her faith that the Lord will bring victory to her beloved France and, in time, she is sure that the town of Gerbeviller and her church will be rebuilt, and that all will be happiness and peace once more, as before the war.

The horrors of war will in time fade from our minds; but the noble deeds of mercy done by Sister Julie and her band of brave Sisters of Saint Charles will ever live in our hearts.

Like all true nurses of the Red Cross, they have ministered to friend and foe alike, and have brought us to a better appreciation of the words of the writer who said:

"Hands raised toward Heaven gain more battles than hands armed with guns and lances."

RED CROSS NURSES

"TELL you a story about a Red Cross nurse of today?" said the army officer, when I asked him to please tell a story which I could retell to you children. The Major had but lately returned from Belgium, and I knew that he could tell us an interesting story.

"It would be a difficult task to tell about any one nurse," said the Major; "they are all so brave, and they are doing such wonderful work over there. Never have I seen a nurse show any sign of fear. With shells shrieking about the clearing-station where we were in Ypres, I saw these Red Cross nurses caring for our wounded boys as quietly and as calmly, as though they were at home in a well-ordered hospital, and within a 'Zone of Quiet.' Bombs bursting overhead and noise and confusion all about, but the Red Cross nurses were serene through it all. Their one thought is for their wounded boys, and they never think of any danger to themselves. That is their feeling—service. They must help win the fight

for life and strength, and their battle is often a hard one.

"No wound is too terrible to frighten them, and they never shrink from the most horrible sights. They are proud of the brave boys at the front, and the maternal instinct is so strong in them that they are never disgusted at an ugly wound. There is no revulsion of feeling, but a big heartful of mother-love and sympathy. They are anxious to ease the pain and to help their wounded boys to grow strong and well, so that they may be able to go back to the front.

"Oh, I will tell you of a nurse I knew in our clearing-station in Ypres. We will just call her Miss Blank; but the story is true, for I saw it myself;" and the Major threw back his head and laughed at the recollection.

"Miss Blank was quite a commander in her ward, and she was very strict and sharp with any of us who dared to venture in and talk to her patients. The wounded soldiers all adored her, and she worked hard for them every moment; but she was rather a scold to the rest of us. She had one young patient who had a wound in his lung, and she would not allow anyone to talk to him, nor let them ask him any questions, and make him talk.

"One day King George of England, with the young Prince of Wales, came to visit the hospital, and while the King was talking with some of the officers, his son wandered about and, as luck would have it, he went into that ward and walked over and talked with the wounded young soldier.

"Nurse Blank was at the other end of the ward, but suddenly she heard a cough from her wounded boy. Like a torpedo-destroyer, she pounced upon the Prince and seizing him by the shoulder she put him out of the ward.

" 'What do you mean by coming in here and talking with my patient without my permission?' she scolded. 'I am in charge here.' He tried to murmur an apology, but the indignant nurse had no time to listen to him and rushed back to take care of her patient.

"The Prince of Wales looked bewildered for a moment and then he joined his father, and when he explained how he had been pushed from the ward, they both had a good laugh over it, and the King said: 'She was right; she was doing her duty; and she is in command there.'

"Duty! that is the watchword with them all; just as it is 'duty first' with the young soldier in the ranks.

"I remember one day, when the firing had been

very heavy, a young Canadian boy was brought in. He was severely wounded in the head and in the leg; but in his hand he gripped a live Mills bomb. It was just ready to set off when he had been hit and his hand closed so tightly about the bomb that the nurse could not take it from him, and I went to her assistance. He was too weak to pull the trigger or he might have blown us all to atoms, not realizing where he was at the time and in his anxiety to obey orders.

"So strong was his sense of duty that after his delirium had passed he asked for the bomb. 'I was told to fire it,' he cried excitedly, 'but I don't know what happened next,' and he pulled with nervous fingers at the bandage on his head.

" 'It is all right now; you did your duty,' said the nursing-sister quietly 'so go to sleep like a good boy.'

"Later his leg was amputated and when he awoke he seemed to have gone back to his happy childhood days. He was only twenty—a mere slip of a lad but suddenly he became a little boy again, and he called out: 'Oh, mother—mother dear—come here, mother!' The Red Cross nurse went over to him at once and petted him and took his hand in hers. He kissed her hand and said, joyously: 'Oh, mother, I need you so much. I knew

you would come! I am so glad that you have come, mother.' And then he went to his last sleep holding her hand. There was a smile upon his lips for, in his dream world, he was with his mother. The nurse who had played the part of mother left the ward with tears streaming down her cheeks and that night, after hours, she sat up and wrote to the mother far across the sea and told her how bravely her boy had given up his life—his first thought of his duty, and his last thought of his mother.

"The nurses are constantly called upon to fill the role of mother, or of sister, or of wife, or sweetheart; and they are called 'nursing-sisters,' for they are like good sisters and are very much beloved by their patients. They never confine their work just to their military hours; they are always willing to serve after hours, and many a letter is written home for some soldier who is suffering or dying.

"How happy the nurses are when the fight for health is won and their boys can go back to duty, or when they can go home to their own homes to rest and recuperate. Sometimes they can restore a soldier to his family, and sometimes a family is restored to the soldier, as was the case told

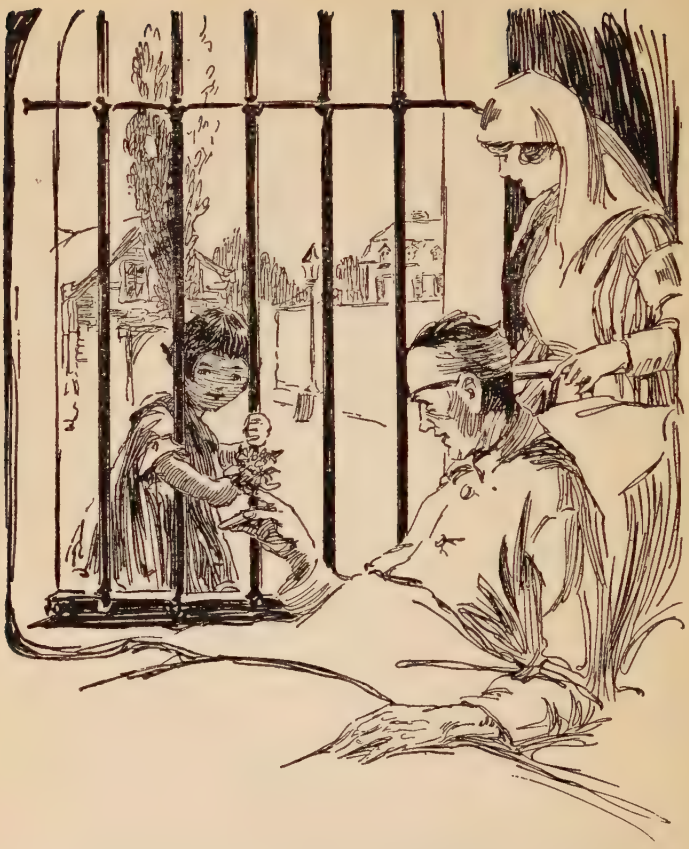
by one of the nurses of the Volunteer Aid Detachment.

"This nurse was very much worried about a wounded young Belgian whom she was nursing. His wounds were mending but he did not seem to have the heart to get well. He was sure that his wife and five little ones had been killed in their home at Liège. He had seen such horrible sights that he could not get them out of his mind. He could not speak French and it was difficult for the nurse to understand him. But she knew that he loved children, and so she had his bed moved close to the window, where he might see the children as they passed by on their way to school.

"They were on the ground floor and the children would scramble up on the railings and peep in and smile at him, and he would smile back—such a pathetic, sad smile.

"One day, a tiny tot held in her chubby little hand a bunch of flowers, which she handed to him through the open grating. He was very happy with the gift and became more cheerful.

"Suddenly the nurse saw a queer look come over his face and he dropped the flowers upon the bed and, giving a loud cry, he fell back upon his pillow.



One Day a Tiny Tot Held in Her Chubby Little Hand a Bunch of Flowers Which She Handed to Him Through the Open Grating

"The nurse looked out into the narrow street and there she saw a group of old men, women and children wandering aimlessly about like a flock of lost sheep. One poor young woman had four little children clinging to her skirts and, in her arms, she carried a wee mite wrapped in a ragged shawl.

"The nurse seemed to understand at once; without any thought of order, or of hospital rules and regulations, she rushed out into the crowded street, among the group of Belgian refugees and, seizing the startled woman, she dragged her and her brood into the hospital.

"When the woman saw the soldier she gave a glad cry and ran to his bedside. The children scrambling after her.

"He said not a word but opened his arms and she fell sobbing across his bed.

"Then such a look of happiness and peace came over his face; for he had found his family and they were all unharmed. He had something to live for now and, to the delight of his faithful nurse, he began to improve from that moment and soon after he was able to go to a convalescent home, while his wife and children lived in the neighborhood nearby and aided his speedy recovery.

"Oh, yes, our nurses at the front see much of sorrow, but they see the joy too," said the Major, "for they bring joy into their nursing. And how could it be otherwise when their lives are so filled with service for others. One can never tell all the good that is being done by the Red Cross workers at the front.

"The wounded soldier, lying on the battlefield, knows that soon he will see someone wearing that badge of service bending over and helping him.

"How brave are the ambulance boys driving in their wounded! How skillful the doctors! and how patient the nurses! The wounded are brave in their courage and endurance, and the doctors and nurses make every effort to better the condition of their patients and to save their lives. They never think of themselves, but always talk of their poor wounded. They never complain of fatigue and meet cheerfully all the difficulties which surround them. They are all heroes and heroines, unconscious of themselves, but each one doing his part faithfully each day—each one willing to sacrifice self that others may live.

"That is what the Red Cross is doing today —serving humanity!"

THE AMBULANCE DRIVER

PAUL CODY BENTLEY

"Let us play that we are knights," said young Paul Bentley to his kindergarten teacher, and as the leader of the knights the small boy galloped about upon an imaginary horse, playing out his deeds of valor. But later the games that he played became a reality, and as a soldier boy of today we hear of his accomplishing these "Deeds of Valor," for he drove an ambulance through the shell-stricken roads of France, was awarded the "Croix de Guerre" for bravery under fire, and then gave up his life in the performance of his duty.

Small Paul was always interested in the tales of the heroes of long ago. "Please tell of good King Arthur and his brave knights," he would plead; and he lived these stories, for he was filled with the spirit of chivalry and was always courteous in his speech and manner. "A real little knight," the "grown-ups" would say, as they saw Paul waiting upon his mother and caring for and protecting his little brother.

When he was older and went to school one of the first plays that he wrote was about King Arthur and his Knights, and it was so well written that the teacher let the children act it out for a school play.

Paul was a good student, for he had a remarkable power of concentration and he was very conscientious in his work. He did everything with his whole heart and soul—worked hard at his lessons and played hard on the play-ground.

"Paul always plays fair," said one of his chums, admiringly, "and he is so brave he is never afraid to do things." And Paul was not afraid, provided that the thing was right, for he had a strong sense of justice and of right and wrong.

He was fortunate in having the companionship of a dear grandmother who influenced him by her stories, and her example, during his early years. He never forgot the lessons learned at his grandmother's knee and when he was only nine years old he became a member of the church. His mother said that when he was about to return to college, at the close of his Christmas holidays, and was saying good-bye to the family, he went back into the living room and looked again at the portrait of his grandmother, as though he were really taking a last farewell of her.

Paul's record at Harvard was very high and his name was upon the Honor Roll. As he had "A" in most of his work he was excused from examinations, and was graduated from Harvard in June, although he was absent in the service of his country. For, as soon as war was declared, Paul was anxious to go over to France and serve in this world-war for humanity.

He had spent two summers in the soldiers' training-camp at Plattsburgh and the first summer upon a long hike he strained the arches of his feet so that he could not belong to the infantry. The next season he joined the cavalry corps, but his eyes were weak, and they bothered him so much that he knew he could never serve in the regular army; and so he said to his mother: "I shall join the ambulance corps, for I must go and do what I can to help, and I can drive."

So, with a number of his Harvard friends, Paul Cody Bentley became one of Unit 65, which unit was later honored by the French Government for their bravery under fire.

His mother went to see him before he sailed for France, and they had a happy visit together; but whenever she seemed depressed and worried, he would say:

"Now, please do not worry about me, Mother;

there really is no danger in driving an ambulance." And all through his letters as he described the scenes of today he made light of the danger and tried, like a young knight, to spare her feelings so that she would not be alarmed for his safety.

In his letters, Paul told how he learned to drive the French gear-shift cars, and how necessary it was for each driver to understand his machine and to be able to repair it. Each car had two men and Paul and his friend, Noble Lee, worked together, and Paul praised the ability of his friend in handling the car.

He told of driving through that region which had just been recaptured by the French, where they passed line after line of trenches, which the Germans had been forced to abandon. Between the trenches there were no fields of corn or grain to be seen, but the harvest there was a mass of tangled barbed-wire. The towns in the stricken country were all in ruins; homes and churches were destroyed and desecrated, and he said: "It is literally true that not one stone is left standing in its place upon another."

When the tired ambulance-drivers reached these ruined towns the wrecked stone-houses and barns had to serve as their cantonments, and of-

ten they found these shelters so full of straw and dirt that the boys took their stretchers out under the trees and slept in the open. And they slept well, in spite of the cannonading at the front, and the snapping sound of the mitrailleuse, which Paul said "sounded like bunches of firecrackers."

But there was never any complaint of these hardships endured. "I like to sleep outdoors," he wrote. And again he said: "Living out-of-doors agrees with me; in fact, I never was in better condition physically."

One afternoon Paul and his partner went out upon the hillside, and climbing a haystack, they watched through their glasses a number of observation balloons and aeroplanes and "Around one—probably a Boche—" he wrote, "we could see the shrapnel bursting and leaving little black patches of smoke on all sides of the machine."

And in another letter he wrote about an aeroplane raid at night, with the big planes circling about overhead and the explosion of bombs dropping upon all sides. The sky was streaked with the light from the searchlights and flashing rays shot out from the star shells. "Of course, there was very little danger, but the noise and light were very interesting."

Then the young knight wrote of the armor of

today, which was given to him and his friends to wear:

"Yesterday we were issued gas-masks. We each got two, and we were taught how to put them on quickly. They are the spookiest looking things imaginable; in fact, they make the owner look like some strange species of animal. We were also issued the blue steel helmets of the French army. I don't know whether there will ever be occasion to use either of them, but we keep them on the ambulance with us."

And then later the suffocating gases came upon them. At first the odor was so faint that the drivers did not notice it, but when the waves of gas came nearer and nearer, the boys grew dizzy and were overcome; so it was wise for them to always put on their gas-masks at once.

"There is a new and deadly form of gas which is being used lately," writes Paul. "It is invisible; it cannot be smelled; it has no effect for hours; at the end of this time a rash breaks out on the victim and he dies in a few hours. . . . Such a ghastly invention is almost inconceivable. It sounds more like a fairy tale than the brutal truth."

And so we read on and on at this time pages which are making history, not of fairy-tales and

horrors endured by the knights of old, but the terrors which our young knights of today are meeting at the front, so fearlessly and bravely.

"Do not worry, Mother, there is no danger," he wrote, pluckily, while the shells were bursting upon the road over which he drove. Thus the young knight of today tried to reassure the loved ones at home. Then he wrote that an aeroplane raid is an "interesting sight," and the sky "looks like the Fourth of July." And that there is "no danger from gases if one puts on his mask quickly."

He is a very human young hero and wrote longingly for some sweet chocolate to eat; and at the end of one letter he adds: "How I long for a good American meal!"

He urged his mother to send him a warm sweater and he also said: "I would appreciate it most if you would knit me some golf stockings," and it is needless to say that his mother answered his appeal at once.

Paul wrote very graphically, describing the duties of an ambulance-driver and, in one letter, he spoke of the drivers standing in the courtyard ready to drive.

"In the entrance to the cave, there are numerous *brancardiers* sitting around who, when

there are wounded, rush out and shove them into the car. Then we hurry out, crank up the car with all speed and go as fast as possible over a narrow road which winds through the village which is no longer anything but a pile of debris.

"After passing the village one is in sight of the Boches for about three hundred yards. Needless to say, one has no scruples about going fast over this stretch, even with wounded in the car. . . . After getting beyond shell-fire, we drive very slowly. . . . Last night we rolled all night. One shell burst a hundred feet behind us and another one hundred yards in front of us on the first trip. Words can hardly describe what it is like, driving at night near the *post de secours* when the fighting is active."

One dark, stormy evening, Paul was driving his car down a long sloping hillside. The road turned about in the form of a letter "S" and, on one side, was a steep embankment. It was a dangerous place in broad daylight, but this night the rain was coming down in torrents and the road was slippery with mud.

There were four wounded French soldiers in his car and Paul drove very carefully around the turn of the road when, suddenly, he discovered that they were exposed to shell fire. The shells

"Do Not Worry, Mother, There Is No Danger," He Wrote Pluckily, While the Shells Were Bursting Upon the Road Over Which He Drove

were bursting all around them; it was too late to go back, and so he decided to run through it. Just as the car was making the last turn, a shell fell five feet from it and to the rear, ripping away one side of the car and killing three of the wounded soldiers, and wounding Paul and the young boy driving with him.

Although Paul had two severe wounds, his first thought was to protect those in his ambulance, and so he drew up to the high bank at the side of the road and stopped the car.

His great friend, Noble Lee, was not with him on this last drive, for that very day he had been granted leave of absence, and later he came over that road in another ambulance. When he found that Paul had been wounded, he drove with him to the hospital. Young Lee wrote very sympathetic and comforting letters home to the broken-hearted family. He said that Paul spoke frequently to him and his mind was very clear, although he lost a great deal of blood on the ride to the hospital. Once he looked up at Lee and said: "If I don't get well, tell mother I love her, and died for her and for civilization."

He endured his suffering bravely and was very plucky about his wounds and told Lee he felt that "he would soon be all right." He was very

happy, when the French officers came to him in the hospital and conferred upon him the "Croix de Guerre." He appreciated the honor and delighted the officers by responding with a little speech of his own. He said:

"I am glad to receive the medal from France, and I am glad to have been of service to France and to humanity, and I hope that I may continue to be of service."

Paul had the best of attention and medical care and his friends all felt hopeful of his recovery, although an X-Ray examination showed a piece of steel was lodged near his heart. An operation was performed, but Paul was too weak to endure it.

One of his friends wrote of him: "Bentley was one of the finest fellows I ever met. He was one of the best drivers in our section. He never complained; he took the dangers as they came without flinching. Everybody who came in contact with him admired him. Bentley was every inch a man—a true man—he died as he worked—bravely!"

Like the knights of old he rode forth to conquer or die and his life is typical of our young heroes at the front today, who are willing to die that others may live.

Paul Cody Bentley was buried in a soldier's grave in the little hospital cemetery at St. Guilles on the Alane River, and Noble Lee wrote of this last resting-place as follows:

"Out on a south hillside, touched by the rising and the setting sun, he sleeps with many others."

"CAP," THE RED CROSS DOG

"CAP," was a shepherd dog. He did not come from any long-titled pedigree; he was just a dog, a plain dog. But one look into his honest brown eyes would tell you that Cap was to be trusted. He had character and could always be depended upon.

From the time that he was a small puppy he had tried to help every one upon the farm and he guarded the baby of the house as though he were responsible for him. As baby toddled about, Cap walked proudly at his side, as much as to say, "I will watch him and see that he does not fall." Sometimes, as they lay side by side in the sunny dooryard, the baby would bury both fat wrists into Cap's soft coat and pull out handfuls of fur, but Cap never growled at baby.

One time, the baby fell face downward into the duck-pond and would have drowned but faithful Cap pulled him out of the water. Then, seizing baby's muddy little hat in his mouth, he plunged away to the farm house, barking and calling for

help. "Yere-ere-ere-rrr-yere-yere-ere, come here-here-ere-ere," barked Cap. The frightened family followed at his heels and soon brought the screaming, drenched baby into the house.

"That puppy is truly a Captain," said his master, "He knows just what to do." So, from that day, the dog was named Captain and called "Cap."

The whole family loved the bright little puppy but his special friend was Pierre. Pierre was twelve years old on the day that Cap was born and he felt that Cap was his birthday present and special charge. Pierre trained Cap to come at his call and to go out with him to watch and guard the sheep. Every day the boy and his dog wandered across the hills together. Then, when the sheep were ready to come home, Cap barked at their heels and not one of them dared to disobey his sharp command. "Yere-yere come here-here!" He was like a captain calling his orders to his soldiers, "Fall in! Forward—March!" And the sheep would scurry before him down the dusty road.

One day, when they were far up on the hillside, a little lamb fell over the rocky side of the ravine and dropped on the ledge below. "Ma-ma-ma!"

bleated the poor baby lamb, as it cried for its mother.

The mother sheep answered, "Baa-baa-baa-aaa-aa!" and went at once to the side of the hill. The poor mother sheep, however, did not know how to reach her frightened baby; so she called loudly for help.

It was a very warm day and Pierre, lying down under a tree, was soon fast asleep while the faithful Cap, stretched out at his side, was resting as he watched the sheep grazing peacefully on the green hillside. Suddenly, he sat up and his ears pricked forward as he heard the call of distress. He ran quickly over the rocks and when he saw the baby lamb down below he gave a loud sharp bark, as much as to say, "Hold on, we will help you."

He knew that he could not reach the lamb but he knew that his young master could do so. Quick as a flash, he ran back under the tree and tugged at Pierre's coat until the sleepy shepherd-boy was wide awake.

From Cap's actions, the boy knew that some lamb was in trouble and, seizing his shepherd's staff, he climbed up over the rocks, following the excited dog. Cap led him on with sharp barks

of command until they reached the ledge, where the lamb had fallen.

When Pierre looked down, it was so steep that it made him almost dizzy to think of climbing down there. What could he do? He must not leave the poor lamb to die.

Cap looked at his master with eager, expectant eyes. Pierre would think of some way he knew, and he, Cap, would help him. Suddenly, the dog remembered a long, strong rope which the boy had brought with him. Cap rushed back. Soon, with one end of the rope in his mouth and the rest trailing along behind him, he came back to his young master.

"Good dog, Cap!" said Pierre, "the rope—why, of course, it is the only way."

Then, tying one end of the rope to a strong tree trunk on the top of the hill and the other end around his own body, he lowered himself over the side of the rocks. He took the staff in his hand because he saw that he could not reach the lamb otherwise. At last, he reached the end of the rope and then, leaning far over, he put the staff under the tiny lamb and lifted it up in his strong arms. But, as he looked up over that smooth rocky ravine, he wondered how he could climb back with the lamb in his arms. Cap was barking

wildly overhead and the mother sheep was bleating mournfully. A misstep would mean sure death for them both. The boy shut his teeth, and, looking up towards the sky, he prayed, "Oh, God help me!"

Instantly, his prayer was answered, for he knew just what to do. Untying the rope from his body, he tied it around the lamb and leaning against a scrubby little pine tree for support, he called, "Hey Cap! Hey Cap!" The dog looked down and, realizing, at once, that he must work, with his sharp teeth, he pulled up the lamb. Then he tugged at the rope end until he freed the lamb, and the poor frightened baby curled up safely by its mother.

With the free end of the rope in his mouth, Cap went to the ledge and dropped the rope over towards the boy. The rope caught in the branches of the pine tree; but Pierre, with his staff, pulled it down and tied it securely around his waist. Then he began his perilous climb up the rocks. The big dog at the top barked his encouragement and, from time to time, would tug at the rope pulling Pierre on his way.

At last, the boy reached the top of the rocks. His clothing was torn and his legs and arms were bruised and bleeding, but he was safe and he knew

that the lamb was safe, also. Then Pierre, weak and dizzy with a sprained ankle, fell upon the ground, exhausted. Cap licked the face and hands of his young master and, then, as he did not get up and walk, Cap became excited again. He said, as plainly as a dog could talk, "Lie here and rest, while I go for help."

So good Cap took his young master's cap in his teeth and ran down into the valley, where the farmer and his son were reaping. The farmer, at once, knew that something had happened to his boy and so they all followed Cap up the hillside, until they found Pierre. The rope, fastened to him and tied about the tree, together with his bruised body told them the story.

"My poor, brave boy," said the father, "You should not have risked your life for a lamb."

"Why, I did not do it alone, father," said the boy, "It was Cap, he knew just what to do and he helped me."

"Good dog, Cap!" said the farmer, as he patted the dog on the head, and Cap licked his hand to show that he knew that he was appreciated.

Pierre suffered so much from a sprained ankle and from his bruises that, for a time, he could not watch the flock but Cap had proved that he could be trusted to look after the sheep. So, for awhile,

the shepherd dog went out alone to the hillside. But when the boy was better, they went out together to take care of the flock; and many happy days they spent wandering over the hills, for the boy and his dog were inseparable friends.

"Cap is my best friend," said Pierre, "he always understands everything I say to him. I know that he loves me and I love him dearly."

The years went on and war came to the peaceful valley. The boy Pierre was now a young man eighteen years old, and glad that he was to march away and serve his country.

Across the green pastures, ugly trenches were dug and barbed wire coils were tangled everywhere. There were no sheep grazing upon the hillside, now. They had all been sold and killed for food, while the dog Captain had been given to the ambulance corps.

"My son has gone to the front," said the father proudly, "and I shall go too, when I am needed. This shepherd dog, Captain, is his dog and he trained him; so I know that my boy will be glad to have his dog in service, also. He is a good dog —Cap!"

So Cap was given to the Red Cross Society and was soon trained to search out the wounded upon the battlefield and to bring them help. Cap was

very proud of his harness, with its relief supplies and tiny canteens, and of his red cross, the badge of service. From the first day, he showed his ability to look after the wounded soldiers.

"That dog is the kindest and most faithful animal in the whole lot," said the young doctor, who trained Cap for the service. "The other day Captain saved thirty lives by his persistent searching on the battlefield; and we know that when Cap comes back, holding a hat in his mouth, that there is some one out there whom we can help, and he leads us just to the place at once. Why, that dog almost talks, he is so intelligent."

One day there was a frightful firing across the trenches and the dogs and men suffered from the deadly fumes of poisonous gas. The doctor then put a mask over Cap's face to protect him from the gases. Cap seemed to know that it was for his own good and, although he had never worn a muzzle in his life, he did not snarl or growl at this strange mask but went right on with his work.

When the firing ceased and the fumes had passed away, the mask was removed from Cap. He ran out into the valley of death, into the "No Man's Land" of the dead and wounded and sniffed about to find some one to help. Alas, how

many of those brave boys were lying there in their last sleep! Cap sniffed about and at last was rewarded by finding a young soldier who was alive. As he sniffed the wounded soldier, his tail wagged in joy and he suddenly broke the law of the Red Cross dogs and barked, in his excitement, a loud sharp bark. The dogs had been trained never to bark and attract the enemy but this time Cap could not control himself, for he had found his own young master.

Pierre had been wounded by the shrapnel and had fallen upon his face but Cap soon pushed him over upon his back. The sharp barking of his dog aroused the unconscious young soldier, who, gazing upward, looked into the loving eyes of his faithful friend. "Cap—Oh, Cap!" gasped Pierre, "Good dog, did you come for me? It is too late now, Cap," and Pierre groaned with the pain as he closed his eyes.

Cap gazed at him with pity and then began to lick Pierre's face with his rough tongue, as much as to say, "You must keep awake and I will help you." Pierre opened his eyes and looked again at Cap. Then, seeing the flask, carried in the harness of the dog, he seized it eagerly and, taking a drink, he said, "You are right, Cap, I will brace up until you bring some one to help me."

The dog took the young soldier's cap between his teeth and ran back to the hospital tent and the doctor. As he put the hat down, he barked again, sharply, as much as to say, "Do come quickly!"

"Now, Cap, none of that," said the doctor, "we will go to your soldier but you must not command us by a bark."

Soon the ambulance men followed the excited dog and found the young soldier, who had again fainted from the loss of blood. Cap began to lick Pierre's hands and to kiss his face.

"Here, Cap, down," said the young doctor. "You must not be so rough with your caresses."

But the wounded soldier boy opened his eyes, and said, "My dog—good dog—Cap—Saved my life, when I went for a lost lamb, once—Now, again—just on time—good dog—Cap."

As the young man was rolled upon the stretcher, he closed his eyes with that far away look. Cap walked slowly behind the ambulance that carried his master to the hospital, where he stretched out by the door, waiting and watching. All night long he watched and waited; he would not go out in the field again for his own master might need him.

The doctor, who understood dogs as well as he did men, would not let them order the dog away.

His Tail Wagged in Joy and He Suddenly Broke the Law of the Red Cross Dogs and Barked

"Look at his big eyes, he is suffering with his wounded young master. No, Cap shall stay here and watch, the other dogs can do the field work." So he took off the harness from Cap and let him stay on guard at the door.

Cap waited and watched for several weary days and long nights, and every time the door opened he would look anxiously at the doctor. All right, Cap, your master will pull through," said the doctor at last. Sure enough, that day Pierre opened his eyes to the world again and his delirium had passed. He asked for Cap and the dog was brought in. With his paws resting on his master's cot, Cap looked lovingly into his face.

"You saved my life, Cap, and when I am well and strong I will go back into the trenches. We must both fight for France, you and I, and now old Cap, dear old Cap, you must go back to the field and look after the wounded, as you did long ago when I was hurt and you went out and guarded the sheep. I will be all right again and I will do my part, but Cap, old man, you must go back now! Good-bye Cap—Good dog!—Cap!" Cap gave his head a shake and, then, looking long and earnestly at his young master, he licked Pierre's face and hands. After this good-bye ca-

ress, he trotted out and stood at attention before the Doctor.

The Doctor understood and buckled on Cap's Red Cross uniform and fitted him out for field work again. Then, he bent over the dog and, patting him upon his head, he said the very words of the wounded young master:

"Good-bye—Cap, good dog—Cap!"

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